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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

A PRAYER FOR MAGNANIMITY

O God, I ask for a larger soul, one that can feel Thy magnanimity. I would not only deal justly with all men: I would pity those who deal unjustly. I would be without bitterness toward those who wrong me. I would love my enemies and pray for those who despitefully use me.

It is not that I have personal foes, but that I feel the anguish that burdens the world. The family peace is broken up. The waters we all must drink are muddied.

Ambition, selfishness and greed, always savage, have slipped their leash and are running wild through holy places, spoiling that which is beautiful and mocking at love. And wherever their sinister trail has gone the sanctities of life are forgotten. Lecherous hands reach out for the fair and pure. New perils are laid for unsteady feet. The woes of the poor are multiplied.

My unwilling brothers and sisters have been impressed for hateful work, and there are heaps of fresh earth and wan, tortured faces watching over some of them. And thousands of those who sleep and millions of those who watch had done no violence, neither was any deceit in their mouths.

Surely they did not merit this! Surely those who loosed the leash did not consider! Something blinded them! Lord, open their eyes that they may see the fruit of their sin, and, in the hour of their conscious shame, in Thy magnanimity, forgive them.

And grant to all who suffer the spirit of One who, deserving the best, received the worst—and forgave. Amen.

Sheridan Watson Bell.

In *Good Housekeeping.*

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CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME LXXVII. THURSDAY, APRIL 13, 1916. NUMBER 7

THE WIND AND THE SEED.

The winds of God may waft
  The winged seed of thought
To fields by thee unseen,
  Far from thy little plot.

There in the furrows soft,
  Moulded by other hands,
Thy tiny seed may bear
  Fair harvest in far lands.

God's winds blow as they list,
  Whither and whence unknown;
Should He but give thy thought,
  Trust Him to waft His own.

—*Mrs. Merrill E. Gates.*

"Woodflour" is to the writer a new term and woodflour mills represent a refreshing new industry. We are told by a bulletin from the Forest Reserve Department that these mills are now scattered over the country from Maine to California, and that "domestic woodflour now successfully competes with the Norwegian product and is worth from twelve to fifteen dollars per ton." All this saves the hitherto waste of the lumber mills. It is used in the manufacture of linoleum and, unfortunately, dynamite.

An undesirable movement before Congress is the limitation of the parcel post to a maximum of fifty pounds. This must be in the interest of private companies rather than the public welfare. Child labor, convict labor, workingman's compensation, civil service and old age pensions, minimum wage for government employes, are all interests now before Congress, concerning which powerful lobbying is on foot on behalf of private corporations and individual gain. These are arrayed on one side, the humanities and progress on the other.

The United States Department of Labor publishes some facts that bear tremendously upon real Preparedness. We are told that six hundred and fifty towns in the forty-five states of the Union are conducting night schools for the naturalization of the foreign born. All but 44,297 out of the 13,345,545 foreigners residing in the United States live within the boundaries of the forty-five states above referred to. Eighty per cent of those who attend these night classes are non-citizens. Here is a "preparedness" that really prepares, not only for war but for peace. The civic army needs recruiting and an untrained membership in the one is, to say the least, as great a menace as in the other.

Readers of UNITY will not be much surprised that an invitation has come to our colleague, Rev. Joseph Fort Newton of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, to preach during the month of July in the City Temple of London, one of the most conspicuous pulpits in the world. It is not only a great honor but a great opportunity. We have no doubt but that Mr. Newton will justify the invitation. He will go as an ambassador of the larger and everlasting Faith. For America's sake it is to be hoped that this invitation will prove but a stimulating vacation, for this country has need of such interpreters of the spirit as is Mr. Newton. We understand that Mr. Newton plans to sail about the middle of June. Meanwhile we hope the columns of UNITY may be often enriched by his pen.

"The Searchlight on Congress" is the title of a monthly bulletin launched by "The National Voters' League," newly organized with a high purpose and encouraging executive committee. The paper proposes to "acquaint the people with their law-makers." The March issue (No. 2) contains much important, not to say interesting material, concerning the measures and men at Washington, which do not find much publicity in the reports of the "Associated Press" and kindred busy organizations. One dollar a year constitutes a member, including a monthly visit of "The Searchlight on Congress." It is quite worth while. The following is the memoranda of February 12, Lincoln's birthday:

> *Senate*—Celebrated Lincoln's birthday by passing pork and pension bills. McCumber renewed his request for a fourth clerk for his Committee on Transportation Routes to the Seaboard, which never meets. Then Kern eulogized Lincoln and the Senate adjourned in respect to his memory.
> *House*—Five hours of speeches, some on Lincoln.

The Publicity Department of the National Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association considers UNITY good missionary ground, consequently has put it on its mailing list and we acknowledge our indebtedness for the courtesy. Their "Bulletin" affords us very instructive as well as entertaining reading. Bulletin No. 14, for instance, in the 1916 series, is before us. From this we learn that the "dry laws" close theaters and injures business in Denver; that Colorado is "already tired of its 'dry' law; that the 'dry' wave is on the decline." It displays in a stunning cartoon the rebound of prohibition in Vermont, and it also announces with display headlines that "cow's milk causes thirst for alcohol," and that this popular

beverage gives babies the drink habit. The fact that the canteen and the newspaper are the two most popular institutions in the French army is pictorially illustrated. All of which makes us think, which was the purpose in the mind of the publishers.

George F. Milton, a Chattanooga editor, was a member of the Ford Peace Expedition. He returned to write his "Impressions,' which he has thrown into an address delivered in various places in February and March, and now has published in an attractive pamphlet, which forms interesting and reliable reading to those who want to know the *other* side, which in this case is the true side, the inside, of this expedition. Mr. Milton bears testimony that "Mr. Ford is one of those manufacturers who prefers to spend money in averting bloodshed rather than to coin millions out of the slaughter of fellow human beings." He says further:

> I came away from Europe deeply impressed with the heavy burden now resting on all the nations engaged in the war. . . . Seventeen million men are now at the front in the two armies. They occupy two thousand miles of trenches. They have burrowed into the ground and lie facing each other in mud and slime. An average of twenty thousand are killed, wounded or captured every day. Every two weeks the trench fighters are relieved. Their clothing is caked on them and must be cut off and burned to destroy the vermin. Besides those who fall by bullets, thousands become invalids or are bereft of reason. Back behind these lines the nations, men and women, have turned from the production of real wealth, of articles that are useful in the peaceful life of the people, to the making of shrapnel and other missiles to explode in the air and destroy life and property. Never before in the history of the world did such a large proportion of the population engage in war, and in packs like wolves go into this business of hunting men and destroying property.

We are glad to print in another column an address delivered by Arthur L. Weatherly of Lincoln, Nebraska, at a meeting held at Des Moines, Iowa, April 12, 1916, under the auspices of the Anti-preparedness Committee. In these days, when there is a far-reaching conspiracy of silence on the part of the daily press of the nation concerning the protest against this hysteria of "preparedness," these public meetings become all the more important. Mr. Weatherly was a member of the Ford Peace Party, and his sane words always carried respect and commanded attention among both Europeans and Americans. We are glad to learn that he has already made some twenty addresses on the Ford Peace Expedition and Its Message since his return. We commend Mr. Weatherly to those who want to hear the side of the pacifist on this matter. The daily press may taboo the message and the messengers, but the voice of science, ethics and religion in this matter cannot be permanently suppressed by a decree of editors. Their far flaunted boast that they reflect public sentiment may find a striking denial before this discussion is at an end. Whatever the subtle forces may be that have brought about this strange unanimity among the newspapers, when found out, may prove an effective stimulant to independent thinking that will result in still more important independent voting.

The Anti-Preparedness meeting held in the Auditorium in Chicago last Monday evening, at which Rabbi Stephen S. Wise of New York, Dr. A. A. Berle of Boston, Rev. Herbert Bigelow of Cincinnati, Amos Pinchot of Philadelphia spoke, and at which the Rev. Martin Hardin, pastor of the Third Presbyterian Church presided, drew an audience that filled the main floor of the Auditorium completely and perhaps half the capacity of the galleries. This was one of a series of meetings arranged for by an organization known as the Anti-"Preparedness" Committee, with headquarters in Washington, with which the Church Peace Union of New York co-operates. The speaking was direct, constructive and powerful, as the sustained interest of the intelligent audience clearly showed. The meeting was either entirely ignored or treated contemptuously by all the Chicago dailies. It so happened that on the morning following, the Chicago *Tribune* published a full broadside advertisement by Henry Ford, exposing the groundlessness of the fear that has brought about the hysteria for more armament and setting forth clearly the commercial interest lying back of the agitation and contentions of the Army and Navy League, showing that the personnel of that organization, the officers and those supporting this movement, are many of them men immediately connected with the great munition combines. The Chicago *Tribune* apologized for admitting this matter as advertisement on the score that it believes in the freedom of discussion (sic!), but hastened to atone for this brave concession by saying that the money received, some $800, would be immediately transferred to the treasury of the Army and Navy League, thus confessing to the suspicion long felt by thinking people that there must have been some kind of relation existing between the attitude of the great journals and the anxiety of the men whose commercial interests are intimately connected with the increase of armament and the perpetuation of the war spirit.

"Those About Trench"

The temptation is great to gossip about our friend with whom we have enjoyed high fellowship for over a quarter of a century,—Edwin Herbert Lewis, the author of this very unique, striking and bold novel. Last week we alluded to the surprise of the critics that the first novel should be produced at forty-eight. Since then a long day's railroad ride was shortened and lightened by the reading of this enjoyable

book, and the wonder grows that within the short limits of forty-eight years the author should have so saturated himself with technical lore and highly specialized studies reaching from the physical laboratory to Oriental philosophy, to which the pages of this book testify. His technicalities reach from chemistry to the Vedanta philosophy, from botany to Bahaism.

The hero of this story, Dr. Trench, is a Halsted Street (Chicago) physician who surrounded himself with an oriental group of medical students. All the more enjoyable is the book when one knows that the author himself is another kind of a "Doctor Trench," who a little farther west of Halsted Street has made his home a sort of continuous Parliament of Religions, whither the dusky children of the East, charged with ideas, burdened with a mission, hasten, sure of a welcome. This story could not have been written except by one trained to the ministry of religion, whose prophetic vision has been strengthened, not interrupted, by the discoveries of the laboratory and the revealment of physical science. This is a novel charged with theology. Dr. Trench, a physician who has specialized in children's diseases, whose fingers are touched with motherly tenderness, is a man who is committeed to the "chemical theory of life," one who had no place for God and little place for ghosts. A weird creation in this book is Saadi Sereef, a mysterious Oriental, whose mind and hands were being trained on medical lines in Chicago, but whose heart was enlisted in some far-reaching, albeit, anarchistic devotion to an ideal good to a far off people. This man, without the conventional faith, was moved with a deep love "for those whom he did not know." The story picks up by the way a Russian Jewess and an Italian Catholic girl, among the breadwinners of Halsted Street. The religious faith of the Jewess vanishes while she studied Westermerck on the "rise of the institution of marriage," and gives herself without stint or qualification to an antagonism to convention and the formal requirements of outward law. There is another girl whose philosophy fortunately ripened into a religion that carried her across the chasm that separates the Lake Shore Drive from Halsted Street. She demonstrated in her experience that sisterhood might exist between her, the Jewess and the Italian Catholic girl. The story necessarily, by virtue of its oriental constituency, which is composed of transient citizens on Halsted Street, carries us to the far East for the larger part of the book. We confess we wish he had either given us less Orient or given us at least a map that would enable us to trace the strides in seven-league boots of the hero through the Balkan country and beyond. We wish he had given us occasional translations of those citations from the Parsee Bible, the Koran and Hindu poems. We like the American end of the story best because it is written chiefly in English. But even here this learned doctor, who teaches English in the Lewis Institute, is so familiar with the slang of the campus and the laboratory that we are not always sure that we know what he is talking about. The spelling is according to the dictionary, but the idioms oftentimes constitute a college dialect, harder to understand than that of "Bobby Burns" or "Dooley." Then the author has a discouraging way of reflecting upon our intelligence by such free handed use of such words as "goniotropic," "glagolitic" and "crenelated." It makes the reader feel silly when not within reach of the Century Dictionary.

But all this must not divert the reader from the main purpose of the book, which is to show the inadequacy of the "chemical theory" of man to meet the demands of life, still further to show how independent of theories and indifferent to philosophies are the spiritual graces and ethical forces. Here are grown in the skeptical gardens of the most modern of heresies alongside of the most defiant of infidelities, sweetest loyalties, the tenderest devotions and the most altruistic of emotions. Edith, the woman who knew that there was something more in life than what could be discovered in the laboratory, took a special course of study in the university that on a certain date, put sufficiently far ahead, she might refute the philosophy of the doctor on his own ground. She was going to prove, after adequate study, that a woman was something more than "a light and hollow endoskeleton, cancellated for the attachment of muscles; a somatic envelope of certain germ cells; a creature of osmosis; a bag of sols and gels; a cluster of reflexes; a bunch of tropisms." We are sorry that our story-teller did not give her a chance to carry out her threat. We ought to have had at least one good set-to, a short theological duel between the tender-hearted and gentle-handed atheist and the strong-headed, clear-eyed lady. But Edith spoiled her chances for debate by refuting the philosopher in the old-fashioned way, and the story ends well by bringing all the characters up on to the highlands of love, service and trust through the very untheological gateways of social service, practical affiliations and human disciplines, running across all the lines of creed and race and convention.

We can but hope that this is but a very original and clever piece of apprentice work. Now that he has got this thing "off his constitution," as they say on the campus, we hope our friend will give us another story which will carry us again through international experiences and fellowship on to the highlands of universal religion and applied ethics.

THE PULPIT

Some Christian Path-finders to International Peace

I.

St. Benedict—The Road of Labor

Sermon Preached March 19, 1916, in Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, By Jenkin Lloyd Jones

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY MISS MAY JOHNSON.

In the solemnity of this new day, the majesty of the sunlight and the mystery of our human hearts, we fain would realize Thy presence, Father of us all. Help us to realize that we are standing in the "foremost files of time," a boundless past behind us and an endless future before us. Touch us with a sense of the value of effort, the sanctity of life, the divinity of toil. Guide us out of the paths of violence into the way of Peace. Father, lead us out of hatred into love. Amen.

My contention is that some kind of internationalism, an organization of nations, a co-operation of the organic elements of civilization is the demand of philosophy, the quest of science, and the accomplishment of civilization so far as it is civilized. I believe that Christianity has surveyed, by means of its pioneer explorers, certain great highways that lead inevitably towards internationalism. One of these great surveyors of the highways of civilization was St. Benedict, and the road which he surveyed was the humble road of labor, of hard, unrelenting toil.

In approaching St. Benedict we approach one of the great stepping-stones across the centuries from Paul to Luther.

St. Benedict was nobly born and destined from his youth to the career of a thoughtful student. His dates are 480 to 543 A. D., out of the fifth into the sixth century. Sixty-three years of mortal life were given him to lay the foundations of the great work that made him a world surveyor into civilization. His love of study called him early to Rome, but the flippancy of student life repelled the thoughtful youth, as it might today, and he withdrew into the privacy of a monastery. He became a humble member, probably always a lay brother, in a monastery up the valley of Subiaco, some forty miles from Rome. By the power of his personality rather than through any conscious purpose, he became before long the organizer of the monastic life, which at that time had begun to disintegrate. According to the earlier monastic theory, this world was so bad that it must be given up. The things of time were so crass that they must be avoided, and he who would save his soul must escape from them. So the desert, the forest, the cave, invited those monks. But such philosophy must needs breed indolence, and indolence bred selfishness and rivalry, the very dangers the thoughtful were seeking to avoid. Benedict awakened to the situation and sought a remedy, and under his formative hands there grew up what in modern phrase might be called a "cottage" system of monastic life. Recognizing that in small groups alone could the individual be developed, he set out to organize his monastic community into a system of twelves. With every new twelve brothers a new cottage was set apart and a new Prior appointed, and the group thus formed became administrators of their own days and their own interests. The plan worked well and the fame of the monastery at Subiaco soon spread. Crowds flocked thither. The favored sons of nobles, the descendants of the gentry, sought the gratifying and inspiring presence of this newly awakened life. But success brought its penalties. There followed discussions, rivalries, jealousies, antagonisms of the lazy and the selfish until the very purpose of the organization was thwarted. At fifty years of age St. Benedict withdrew therefrom and, with a few chosen followers, went down into southern Italy in search of a place where he might start anew. Here he came upon the remnants of what had once been a successful monastery and, what was still more attractive, the remains of a pagan temple once dedicated to Jupiter. On this high, inaccessible hill he planted himself, and on the ruins of the Temple of Jupiter he reared the famous monastery of Monte Cassino. His residence there lasted not more than a dozen years, for he was dead at sixty-three. But during those years he developed what is technically known in history as the "Rule of St. Benedict," or the "constitution" of the new order of monks, as it might be more intelligently characterized,—a constitution that invites comparison with our own constitution of the United States. The Declaration of Independence, the fundamental basis of this new movement, was the triple vow of Chastity, Obedience and Labor. With this "Rule of St. Benedict" he sent his followers forth to conquer Europe,—I speak advisedly,—to undermine the savage customs and rude religions of Goth, Gaul and Celt. He led his army forth without banners, swords or officers. They went pledged to labor as an inherent part of the religious life. All the able-bodied were required to give a minimum of seven hours a day to toil, physical toil, shop and field work. Those of feebler strength were allowed to modify their day's work to the capacity of their strength. Those monks went with ax and pickax, with hoe and chisel. They went to drain the marshes, to fell the forests, to quarry the rocks and build the centers which, historically considered, became the foundations of the great universities as well as of the great cathedrals of Europe. If you read the story of those years from the sixth to the sixteenth century, as it is given in the older school books, it is the story of conquerors and generals and battles innumerable, the story of quarrels and strife, the story of the rise and fall of thrones, of mapping and remapping Europe. And if your attention is called at all to the work of the Benedictines, the Dominicans or the Franciscans, it is with an apology to secular history and with a reference for further information to what the old scholars call "ecclesiastical history." In most, I fear in all, of the secular schools of our progressive land, the story of the conquest of Benedict and his followers is skipped in the main and left to the preachers or to the theological schools. But the truth is that the permanent forces that unhorsed paganism were the permanent, persistent forces that tamed the wild men of Europe and drove out the wild beasts, changing thickets into hedges, forests into orchards and parks, huts into palaces, bloody encampments into thoughtful student groups. Here is where democracy first realized its ideal, for the son of a private and the son of a prince literally sat at the feet of the same teacher, squatting on the same mat in the same primordial universities of work.

The story of St. Benedict's contribution to civilization is the story of the beginning of agriculture, the development of horticulture, the rise and glory of Gothic architecture. It is the story of the conservation of learning, for the words of the very Cicero they would supplant were conserved by those stalwart monks in the "Scriptoria" of the old monasteries, which had as essential a part in the building as the refrectory. The library and kitchen were alike sacred, and to care for both was holy work.

Oh, it is a great story, a charming story, but it is not within my purpose to dwell upon it. But let it be known that under the same benignant rule of labor, the man who quarried the stone and the man who shaped the gracious pointed arch, the builder and the architect, lived under the same roof, ate at the same table and knelt at the same altar, chanting the one victorious slogan that always conquers and is never defeated, *"Laborare est orare,"* to labor is to pray. If we could but trace the pear and the apple, the grape and the plum to their wild origin, we should find that the fruits of our orchards were trained and developed by monkish hands, pledged to labor not for selfish ends but for service to God.

In my visit to Scotland in 1882, my farmer eye was impressed with a certain hardy, compact, smooth and promising breed of little black cattle, which yielded, I was told, exceedingly rich milk. It was a sort of black Jersey and the favorite of the dairymen. And when I asked the name of the breed I was told they were called St. Martin's cattle, and that their origin had been traced to mediaeval times. They were a contribution from a French monastery and derived their name from the patron saint of France.

The older monastics sought the wilderness, the abandoned lands, the remote territories of desert and forest, but if you visit the ancient sites of the dismantled monasteries and broken minsters, like Glastonbury, Tintern, Furness and many others, you will find that they were located on just such favored spots as an Illinois farmer would pick out for a farm, made up of gracious meadow lands, touched with water and rimmed with forest. Those old monks were the first "settlers" on the attractive lands of Europe.

Had I time to tell the whole story, it should be said that all orders of monks organized after the days of St. Benedict were essentially based on his constitution. All accepted the "Benedictine Rule," as it is technically called, with modifications to meet their own wants and age. All orders of Sisterhoods and Brotherhoods, down to the latest Sisters of Charity and order of Paulists, are vowed to labor in one way or another.

Taking St. Benedict, then, as one of the great Christian path-finders, let us see if I can establish my contention within the limits of a sermon. The men who went out from Monte Cassino, vowed to labor, with plows and milk pails, with ax and hoe, were the founders of the only institution that has survived from Benedict's time to now. You will seek in vain for any of the political boundary lines of St. Benedict's time on a European map of today. You will fail to find even the royal cities of Europe at that time, you can scarcely locate even the graves of the conquerors. But the universities of Europe, with the great ecclesiastical centers represented by its cathedrals, abide.

I tell the children in the Sunday-school that when they go to Europe they can do no better than make their itineraries reach these ancient academic and churchly shrines. Doing this they will come home enriched with a remarkable experience. Would you know England, visit its old cathedrals, though you have time for nothing else, and you will have the best that England has to give you,—that is, if you go with an open mind, an alert eye and an unbiased heart. If you have not these, you may as well stay at home. In that case, England has nothing for you except a pretence and shallowness that will add to your imbecility and, in the eyes of the competent, to your silliness.

I would like to emphasize for my purpose this morning the international quality of labor. The first great internationalisms are hunger and cold; sweat is international; health is international. The unifications of labor are international, as are the unifications of wit. The most international things that you see when you go abroad are the triumphs of industry. America has made for itself a certain and sure place in Europe through its great pathfinders on industrial lines. Deere and Oliver, the perfecters of the steel plow, Studebaker, the maker of wagons, McCormick, the perfecter of reapers, Fulton, the builder of steamboats, and Elias Howe, the inventor of sewing machines, not to speak of Goethals, the hero of Panama, are international heroes of labor. All these have worked their way into the most monarchical corners of Europe. They have made themselves necessary to Spain and Russia. The great triumphs of trade and industry have knitted the world together in interests so profound that all the mighty devils of war and triumphs of Mars cannot permanently disturb this internationalism.

Indeed, the first use of the word "internationalist" was made by laboring men, and for several years it was used without a qualifying word. Everybody knew what was meant by an "internationalist." The first international organization had its root in the London World Exhibition of 1862. A band of French workmen visited this exhibition under the patronage of the French government. They went back impressed with the fundamental truth that if labor is to receive its due, and if toilers are to come to their maximum power, it will be only by recognizing their international interests. And so, two years later, there was a great labor meeting in St. Martin's Hall, in London, with representatives from all the leading powers of Europe. In 1866 an adjourned meeting was held at Geneva and effected a permanent organization. At that time twenty-two societies from Germany were represented at the gathering. In 1870 it was reported that 800,000 American workmen were in line with the "International Association of Workingmen," an organization which reached from Poland to California. This great word began in distrust. To be an Internationalist was to be suspected. The phrase carried with it a "red" connotation, such as the words "Socialist" and "Anarchist" convey today to the unthoughtful. But it has grown to be one of the most respected of words. Indeed, today the activity that has not its international organization is hard to find. Scientists, architects, builders, musicians, doctors and teachers, all the interests of civilization, now have their interna-

tional organizations and hold with increasing frequency their international meetings. No professional man can come to the full confidence of his associates in the profession unless he is informed of what is done and doing through the international conclaves of his kind. What a mighty triumph is this for internationalism!

What are the forces that make for internationalism? The acts of Parliament, the conclusions of cabinets, the power of navies and armies, silent or active in times of peace or in times of war? No. Steam and electricity, the power of the machine, the skill of the workmen, these are the true promoters of internationalism.

When abroad this winter we were the happy guests for one great day of the Dutch artist Hagenbroeck, one who I hope will some day be better known in the United States. He lives in an artist colony some forty miles out of Amsterdam. He has consecrated a marked genius to the interpretation of the life of the rolling mill, the glass blowing factory and other mighty industries that deal with the primal forces of fire and the fundamental elements of material power. His studio was alive with men, aye, with women, too, whose faces were lit with the glow of the fire of the furnaces, whose tasks were darkened by smoke. Grimy and murky were the investments of these men, aye, and women and children, too, stripped to the waist and shedding streams of sweat. Into all this the artist pours the subtle charm of genius and makes it all beautiful. Perhaps you are economic of that word beautiful. I confess to my own distrust of it. I will say, then, to make it all effective, to make it powerful, a higher reach of art than the achievement of any incidental quality which you and I might call "beautiful." I want power and so do you. Art should lend itself to interpret life profoundly and not superficially. On inquiry I found that this man had drawn his inspiration from a little book called "The Voice of the Machines," by an American professor of Smith College, Gerald Stanley Lee. As he lovingly took the volume down, thumb-marked and dirty, he said, "This is my Bible," and turned again to the pictures which justified his inspiration. And what has Professor Lee done in his "Voice of the Machines"? He has tried to break with the conventions of our art and our poetry, too, which see beauty only in things ancient or out of the way and fail to understand the mighty power that is represented by the modern machine, the revelations of God through steam and electricity, the triumphs of man over nature and his ability to compel the hardest substances to flow. He talks about "*liquid* engines," "*flowing* railroads," because he has seen the engine in the stream of lava that leaves the retort. This man has interpreted modern life in hopeful terms because he has traced the triumphs of steam and electricity in all their poetic reachings down and back into human ingenuity and effort and up and forward into human hopes and destinies. Here he breaks with my well beloved teacher, Ruskin, who deplored so grievously the encroachments of railroads, who resented the murky smoke of factories that have smirched the face of fair England. Dear Ruskin, his heart was everlastingly right, and no man of his generation so honored toil as he in those matchless "Letters to the Workingmen of England." But here his vision failed him and the American professor outreached him in foresight. For never again will we go back to the hand-labor and man-power which once drew the cart and reaped and plowed. Scarcely are we content any longer to rest in the triumphs of Benedict over the horse and the ox. We are on the eve of that new régime in farm life which the "Fool," Henry Ford, is anticipating in his tractor, a simple servant that will combine science and practical experience in such fine proportions that the machine and not the sweating horse will do the hauling and plowing and reaping. A machine will run to market and to school. It and not the old family horse will take the family to church on Sundays. We are on the eve of a great revolution, and he who can understand the great contribution of labor to this revolution will welcome the internationalism that is inevitable. Eventually we shall learn to sing hymns of praise to the Lord of Life, who through human wit has given the conquest over the cold, dead and stiff things of nature. The triumphs of the toiler reach forward even as they reach backward. The Voice of the Machine is not the grim voice of materialism, but it is the modern accent of the cradle song of "Peace on Earth and Good Will to Men." Aye, verily, the road of labor is one road to internationalism.

I have in my library another book of this kind, a very painful little book called the "Anatomy of Misery," to which Tolstoy has written a brief introduction. It is a ghastly arraignment of the gruesome facts of the inequalities and injustices of the modern industrial world. It is disagreeable because it is unanswerable. It is painful because it is true. There is a grim and pathetic side to labor that he who believes in internationalism must needs study because the remedy lies in still more internationalism.

I need but suggest Markham's poem and Millet's picture that inspired it, "The Man with the Hoe." One of the latest dramas by Hauptmann is entitled "The Weavers." This play is an agonizing revelation of the miseries which the mere contentions and competitions of trade may cause and shows how far into hell the epigram "Buy at the cheapest and sell at the highest" may carry great industries. If you read Hauptmann's "Weavers" you will lie awake nights over it, and you ought to read it; but let it not destroy your respect for the loom. Let it not discourage you with the Twentieth Century that has assembled in a woman's hat, if you please, the products of nations. The coat I wear is itself an argument for internationalism and a demonstration of it. Perchance the wool in this coat was grown in Wales, colored and spun and woven in Scotland, sewed with a linen thread from Ireland, and shaped by a Jew into a coat now worn by a Welshman. A real intenationalism is as closely woven as this garment. Tear any one thread out of the social fabric that has put the coat on my back and you ruin the fabric and make the coat a disgrace and the wearer ridiculous.

These are the fundamental arguments for other means than war to bring about the internationalism we pray for and work for.

While preparing this sermon I, perhaps unwisely, turned back to a series of discourses on "The Cause of the Toiler," as seen in the art galleries of the Fair, preached during or immediately after the Co-

lumbian Exposition, and so are now deep down in my barrel. This diversion threatened to spoil the sermon because it offered so much interesting material for it. Some of you will remember, as I recall to your mind, what a large number of pictures in the galleries, most of them from European sources, represented the United States as the Land of Promise, how many of the artists caught the pathetic social significance of emigration.

From the overloaded Italian cart which contained the large family and all their luggage on the way to the harbor to that magnificent boat-and-wharf picture of Antwerp, called "Embarkation," where crowds of men, women and children were hurrying aboard the great ocean liner that would carry them beyond the reach of parents and language and church, to what they knew not, all telling the same story. The wanderers came with cheerful hearts because there was offered a chance to toil. They were coming to America for an opportunity to work. And then I recall an American picture, a grim, dirty waiting-room in an American railway station. Waiting for the belated train in their uncomfortable European clothing, barricaded by their packages and bundles, was a group of Turks, Germans, Russians and what not, cheerful and hopeful, for the train was to take them to a waiting opportunity out here in the West. They were happy because they were looking for a chance to work. They were to travel on the road surveyed by Benedict. They were themselves to be road-makers in Kansas, Dakota, or beyond, it doesn't matter where, for they were in league with the international army of labor that will yet render that other army, with guns and cannon, unnecessary and ridiculous. These artists show us the grim side of labor, but it is labor on its way to internationalism. The laboring man everywhere is realizing that his interest is identical with that of the laboring man on the other side of the globe. It was the blacksmiths of France, Germany and America that led in the first international organization of labor in 1864, and if it fails to come in any other way, the blacksmiths of Europe will again demand of aristocracy and the accursed powers that belong therewith, to disarm, quit fighting and let them go home to their work. When all other negotiations fail, labor will assert itself because it represents the ultimate source of political power.

There is nothing more untrue than that flippant slogan of blind commercialism and national conceit, the cry that "Trade follows the flag!" "Trade follows the flag!" This has been said and sung so often and has formed the peroration for so many speeches that we have come to believe it oracular and treat it like a verse of Holy Scripture which we would as soon doubt as doubt the Beatitudes or the Golden Rule. Nothing can be more false to history than this, and it is still more false to philosophy. The English complain bitterly that little unmilitary Switzerland has been robbing England of trade. The conquered French out-bargained conquering Germany. And similar illustrations may be found all over the world. Trade does not follow the flag. Trade follows sweat, follows skill, follows science, follows wit, follows brain. For brain at last determines the quality of your product. We do not yet know whether Central America or Africa is to be the main future source of the rubber that will supply the industries of the world. It will depend upon the brains that take hold of the business. It does not yet appear whether the supply of pecans is to come from Guatemala, or from Alabama or Mexico. It depends upon the insight and toil back of the enterprise. It does not yet appear whether Chicago is to receive the greater supply of watermelons from Georgia or from Colorado. It depends upon the amount of brains applied. Trade follows brain, and brain knows how to economize sweat and how to direct brawn.

The Encyclopedia of Agriculture, edited by Cornell University men, tells of a man who about forty years ago took one pint of beans from his eastern farm and carried them out to western New York. Three years after that he took a load of beans to market and sold thirty-three bushels. Thirty years after that, Orleans County, New York, offered a million bushels of beans to the American market, showing how, all the way, labor, directed by brains, compels and creates trade.

In conclusion, then, I say again that St. Benedict, who in the sixth century led the pacific forces of the Christian religion out into the barbaric and warring fields of untamed Europe, paved the way under divine guidance to internationalism. Those humble disciples of the Nazarene laid the sure foundations for an organized world, and those who follow in their wake represent the army that makes for peace today.

This is true "preparedness," had we but vision to see. Rome rose almost into world empire largely on the strength of its good roads. Twenty-three arterial roads led out of Rome and it had twenty-three hundred miles of good roads in Gaul alone. Who does the most for the future of the United States, even from a militant standpoint? He who lays a thoroughfare which will bear the weight of modern armies if need be, or he who goes to Mexico and shoots a few lawless "Greasers"? Who is the greatest benefactor of his country, the man who kills an outlaw down there, should he happen to overtake him, or the man who cultivates fields of corn? And, in the line of "preparation," who is the more efficient man, he who has learned to build an automobile or manage a threshing machine, or he who, in the indolence of camp life, practices target shooting with an instrument of destruction?

An up-to-date battleship now costs twelve million dollars. With that amount of money we could build in Iowa, Wisconsin and Illinois four thousand miles of good gravel road and six hundred miles of good macadam. Which is the better protection, even against an army, should one ever invade us in consequence of our preferring to play the game of life on low levels of brute force rather than on the high levels of justice and internationalism?

I have talked about gruesome books, but there are some cheerful books about toil. I would like to read one more extract if only because of the lilt in the song of the River Dee. But it has also the merit of sense. You know it well, but go read it again and remember this. The King said,

> . . . and sighed the while,
> Farewell, and happy be;
> But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
> That no one envies thee:
> Thy mealy cap is worth my crown;
> Thy mill my kingdom's fee;
> Such men as thou are England's boast,
> O miller of the Dee!

We should by this time be in a condition of mind to understand and read between the lines of the mighty poetry in the rough lines of Walt Whitman in his "Song for Occupations," and we will join with Elizabeth Barrett Browning in her behest:

. . . . . Get leave to work
In this world—'tis the best you get at all;
For God, in cursing, gives us better gifts
Than men in benediction. God says "Sweat
For foreheads": men say "Crowns." And so we
are crowned,
Ay, gashed by some tormenting circle of steel
Which snaps with a secret spring. Get work,
get work!
Be sure 'tis better than what you work to get.

I have spoken of the upward reach of labor. Edward Everett Hale pierced the heart of the problem in the lines,

What was his name? I do not know his name.
I only know he heard God's voice and came,
Brought all he had across the sea
To live and work for God and me;
Felled the ungracious oak;
Dragged from the soil
With horrid toil
The thrice-gnarled roots and stubborn rock;
With plenty piled the haggard mountain-side;
And at the end, without memorial, died.
No blaring trumpets sounded out his fame,
He lived,—he died,—I do not know his name.

No form of bronze and no memorial stones
Show me the place where lie his mouldering bones.
Only a cheerful city stands
Builded by his hardened hands.
Only ten thousand homes
Where every day
The cheerful play
Of love and hope and courage comes.
These are his monument and these alone.
There is no form of bronze and no memorial stone.

Such were the conquerors of savage man, the leaders of the internationalism that alone will bring peace.

Miracle stories are but inverted philosophy, the unconscious reasoning of untutored minds. It is said that when jealousy crept into the monastery at Subiaco, one brother undertook to poison the leader by giving him a deadly draft, but the goblet broke in his hands on its way to his lips and the poison was spilled.

It is said that in St. Benedict's earlier days he with difficulty resisted the temptations of the flesh, and that on one occasion, when inflamed with passion, he fled from his bed and rolled his naked body in a brier bush that he might gain the mastery over his lower nature. The story adds that pilgrims visiting that brier bush in after years found it ablaze with roses.

Let us heed the lessons of these miracle-stories. The goblet will break that is meant to carry the deadly draft to the lips of the toiler. Soon or late he must win, and the triumph of suffering and toil will change briers into roses in the long events of history.

Through sweat and toil, through working and serving, may we join the unbroken family of man in a peace that shall be international and unending. Amen.

LABORARE EST ORARE.

Not solely on our Sabbath days
We render Service fair;
For duties done go up like praise,
And kindly thought is prayer.

—*Frederick Langbridge.*

Address by Arthur L. Weatherly

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

At the Des Moines Mass Meeting of the Anti-Preparedness Committee, April 12, 1916.

Two very important questions in the matter of preparedness are, *who* are to pay the bills, and what are their means of paying.

If we are to spend 500 millions of dollars in addition to what we are now spending "as a beginning" as some of the advocates of the increase of our army and navy propose, it is well to consider who is going to produce this wealth which in a few short years will be cast into the scrap heap.

The only revenue of the government are the proceeds of taxation. Who pays the taxes? The consumer. The plain average man. Who pays the taxes on your stores, your business enterprises, your factories, your railroads? The people who use these tools of civilization. The people who toil in shop and factory.

It has been estimated that seventy per cent of the taxes are paid by people who receive less than $500 per year. Congress placed a tax of one cent on long distance telephone messages costing twenty-five cents or more. Does the Telephone Company pay this tax? No! you put your penny in the box before you get your connection. Congress places a tax on commercial paper. Go to the bank and borrow some money and you will find that you pay that tax. The taxes assessed against every business house in your city are a charge upon the business just as clerk hire and insurance. You, the consumer pay the bills.

The tax on sugar, which is the common man's luxury, is paid by the user, a hundred millions a year from sugar is a hundred millions largely from the pockets of the poor.

Five hundred millions "as a beginning" is $25 additional tax on every family in the land. Now what have we, the people, to pay with? No man is going to rush into an enormous expenditure of money, unless he is convinced of the need, and has the means to pay. President Wilson assures us that we have no enemies; that there is no immediate danger confronting our beloved country. That, at least, ought to make us pause in a mad rush for armaments. It is easy to spend the other fellow's money. But this is our money that it is proposed to spend. Let us see what we have to pay with. Some years ago Dr. Charles Spahr showed that one half of our people have no wealth. Thousands on thousands of our children go to school hungry and poorly clothed. Great masses live in brutalizing poverty in our great cities.

Three-fourths of all the adult men workers and nineteen twentieths of the woman workers in the industrial sections of the United States earn less than $600 per year.

One half of our men workers get less than five hundred dollars a year. Forty per cent from $600 to $1000 per year.

In the great cotton industry fifty-nine per cent of the men employed get less than $459. At South Bethlehem 45.9 per cent earn about $579 per year.

It has been estimated by a Government Commission that for food, clothing, fuel, rent, light, and a few extras for a family of five it costs a man in a New England City $731.90.

Prof. Nearing says that a fair standard, and this

is hardly more than keeping body and soul together, requires in the southern states $650 and in the northern $750 a year.

Every penny that goes into battleships must come out of the earnings of the toilers in shop and factory, on farm and in store.

It means not only an increased taxation paid by our indirect process but also an increased cost of living caused by the withdrawal of labor from productive industry. It means placing a two-fold burden on the bent backs of the poor. Now a large portion of American men are not paid enough to support their families. They require the aid of children taken from the schools, of mothers robbed of the right to give their lives and strength to their children. Place this additional burden on the backs of the American people and you continue in larger measure this home destroying, soul wrecking process. And these are the ones whom certain gentlemen, in great glee, propose to ask to pay for the enormous preportion for the enemy that is not in sight. These underfed and overworked men and women who live in disease ridden tenements, who toil in life destroying mines, who all day long weave our garments in factories; these, who do not earn enough to maintain even a minimum standard of living, these are the ones who are asked to pay the bills.

We are now spending for preparation for war and past wars seventy per cent of our national income. This is approximately seven dollars per capita, or thirty-five dollars for every family of five each year. We have spent in ten years about two and one half billion dollars, which is $125 for each family. And then we are told we have not anything to show for it. The increase demanded would make an amount more than our present total national income. A little development of efficiency would be a good plan before turning over to the same agencies anything more to spend.

Those who are struggling to maintain their families, who barely live from day to day, who risk life and limb as a matter of course every day (we have 500,000 industrial accidents each year) are near the limit of endurance now. To add unnecessarily to their burden is a crime against individuals and the nation. Rather than rush into new expenditure would it not be more wise and more just to insist that before an additional penny is appropriated for military purposes the waste due to political log rolling and mismanagement be eliminated. Political navy yards and pork barrel army posts might go first as a pledge for future economy. We can, if we wish, increase our army and navy without increasing appropriations. But this would not satisfy the armament makers.

But why this haste? No enemy in sight; the nations of Europe bleeding themselves white; the people of the world sicker of war than they ever were in their lives; the lessons of the war not yet learned! All ships built now will be in the scrap heap before any European nation can recover its breath. Why, I say, this haste. Why this desperate effort to stampede the country? What danger confronts us that did not exist two years ago? If a group of men came to you today, urged, argued, and pled with you to invest twenty-thousand dollars and do it before night, you would, if not carried off your feet, want to go slow, very slow. Especially if you had been pouring your savings into the enterprise for thirty years and were assured by its officers that it was a failure. But if you got the notion after some hours of conference with your advisors, that some of them would get a good fat commission out of your investment, would you not want to go slow more than ever. You would say "Gentlemen, I guess I'll sleep in this matter."

We are being stampeded, or rather, men are feverishly at work spending untold sums in trying to stampede us. What possible harm can come from delay? Put the whole matter over to the next congress and we will not be in any greater danger. Surely no European country will be ready for another war for a generation at least. On the basis even of a reasonable and adequate preparedness all the facts urge us not to be stampeded, but to go slow—to wait.

I know it has been said in congress that we need a great army and navy to enforce demands for indemnities at the close of this war. That is, to say, that we will go to war for money. It is a horrible proposition, indeed, it is almost unthinkable that a member of the congress of the United States would propose that we should go to war for mere money. That boys in the strength of their young manhood should be torn from their mothers, fathers from wives and children, lovers from sweethearts in order to collect a money claim. It is monstrous that in a civilized country that such a barbarous proposition should be made. The nations have arbitrated scores on scores of such claims, and no nations have ever refused to recognize the findings of a board of arbitration. No! we are not going to war in this day for money. We have not yet gone back to savagery.

This question I do not want to put on this ground alone. There is much higher ground than this, adequate as it is.

The nations of the world await the moral leadership of America. Never in history has so magnificent, so splendid an opportunity been afforded any nation. Not with the mailed fist, but with power of America's ideals we will lead the world. Let us heed the appeal that comes to us from battle scarred Europe.

From over the sea comes the dirge of war. In it we hear the cries of children, the moaning of mothers, the shrieks of wounded, the voices of those pleading for help, for comfort, for assurances for the future. It is the cry of suffering bleeding, heart-broken humanity caught in the grip of the jaws of that terrible monster, Militarism. Humanity cries to us for leadership in the reorganization of the world. It pleads with us to be true to the great principles of democracy —of brotherhood; to grasp the opportunity that is laid before us. We, the greatest of the neutrals, we, the inheritors of the principles of democracy and brotherhood, for which countless men have died in the past on the scaffold, at the stake and on the field of battle,—we are implored not to lead the world into another cataclysm, not to prepare for another slaughtering of the innocents. We are besought by the souls of men lying in heaps in unknown graves, by the agony of mothers, by the little children with soulless eyes, dying of hunger,—to lead the world in organization for Peace.

To this is added the appeal of the little nations. These that have made such splendid contributions to civilization. They have no rest from fear, indeed, no assuring hope for their future if the great nations

are to continue their mad race for military supremacy. What a bitter comment on our boasted democracy if we fail to respond to their need; if we start the world anew in a course which inevitably leads to catastrophe. They ask for bread; shall we give them a stone?

This opportunity is the opportunity of the ages. The old world is sick unto death of war. The mothers of the world want no more war. The fathers want no more war. Young men want a chance to live the lives God gave them. Young women do not want to rear, as their mothers have done,—sons to be cannon fodder. Only those away from the "far flung battle line" prate about the glories of war. Those who see men in the strength of their youth torn to fragments, want peace.

But preparation for war means a denial of our opportunity. It is putting our energy, our thought, our wills, to a method that always has and always will lead to war. It is a denial of God, of Brotherhood, and of Humanity.

We have no foe to fear. There is no enemy at our shore. We never will secure the consent of the people to a program of preparedness unless we first convince them that there is an enemy to be feared. This was the method that secured the consent of the peoples of the nations of Europe to the large appropriations for defense that led directly to this war.

We must have an enemy. We must teach two generations of children to hate that enemy. Yes, rear our children in an atmospherre of hate before the plans of the Militarists and Jingos can be fulfilled. Hate, Hate, Hate, is necessary to all this miserable business,—Hate fed on fear. And if there is no one to be hated some one must be conjured up to fill this role. Once it was Japan. Now it is Germany, Germany torn and bleeding, Germany weakened by this awful conflict, is to be our enemy.

Those who would use our army and navy to exploit weaker nations, who want to carry hate at the point of the bayonet, who have not learned that we live in an international age, are willing to conjure up any enemy to develop any hate that they may secure their ends. What patriotism is this? It is a traitorous and false patriotism. It is a denial of every principle of civilization and democracy.

It is time for the plain, common people "Whom," Lincoln said, "God loved because he made so many of them" to rise in their might and power and say in no uncertain terms that they will no longer be the catspaws of selfish interests, or be played upon by the fears of selfishness.

The destiny of America is wrapped up in the destiny of humanity. Let us answer the appeal of Europe with plans for peace, for the organization of the world. This is not the time to answer the appeal of our brothers in Europe with deeds of hate and acts of fear. Now, if ever, is the time to recognize America's opportunity for seizing the moral leadership of the world. I agree with the high sentiment and noble truth uttered by Theodore Roosevelt in his Carnegie Hall Speech. "We here in America hold in our hands the hope of the world: and shame and disgrace will be ours if in our eyes the light of high resolve be dimmed, if we trail in the dust the golden hopes of men."

And I believe that sober-minded America agrees with William Jennings Bryan, that the time has come "to invite the nations of the world to adopt a new diplomacy built upon the spirit of love and brotherhood, instead of resting upon the doctrine of force and fear." One evidence of this is the 5000 majority received by Henry Ford in the Michigan Republican primaries. This was the response by the people of Michigan to the Peace Program. The toiling masses of Europe, the suffering women and children, the men in the trenches who are pledging themselves that this shall be the last war, are calling us to be true and faithful to the high ideals of democracy.

Men and women of America hear this appeal; this Macedonian cry; Let America send fleets laden with grain and love to the starving people of Europe. Let America send men of good will across the seas. Let America spend its energy, its thought on preparation for Peace for the establishment of the "Parliament of man," and the organization of "the Federation of the world." Then generations of grateful peoples will salute our flag in reverence and our beloved country will be first among the nations of the earth.

Egrets Still in Danger

Many have supposed that the slaughter of egrets had been stopped everywhere in the United States; that the murderous hand of the plume-hunter had been stayed from the further destruction of bird life. This is not so. Were it not for the wardens employed by the National Association of Audubon Societies it is likely that the last egret would fall a victim to woman's vanity and man's cupidity.

The state of Florida, where now are the largest colonies of egrets, is grossly remiss in its duty of protecting these birds. It is doing nothing indeed to conserve the wild life which was formerly its glory and its wealth. So long as northern tourists will pay nine dollars for the plumes of each single egret, Indians and whites will kill the birds not only in violation of law, but also in defiance of the human guardians of the egrets.

The wardens maintained by the Audubon Societies have been vigilant and efficient in preventing raids upon the nesting colonies, and the work must be kept up at considerable expense and without assistance on the part of the State of Florida. If they were withdrawn for a single season, as stated by an official of the Societies, the accumulated results of years of protection would be swept away by the plume-hunters, who would instantly rush to the easy feast of slaughter waiting for them.

No bird was ever so relentlessly pursued as the egret. Man's treatment of them has been outrageously disgraceful. They are yet on the verge of total extinction. There should be no shortage or curtailment of funds necessary to protect them. "To slaughter or not to slaughter," that's the question. W. M. M.

Our Dumb Animals.

On red-hot summer days
What comfort it would be—
To have at hand always
An Educated Tree—
To follow us around the town, no matter where we strayed,
And furnish us with shade,
Or if it were a lemon tree, with lemonade!

—*John Kendrick Bangs.*

THE BOOK LOVER

PATIENCE WORTH.

Reader, did you ever court your best girl by the aid of a ouija board? If not, then you have missed something, as I can testify. But suppose the eerie board should suddenly begin to have a mind of its own and tap out poems, plays, stories, as well as jokes and sparkling humor, in the style of a time long gone, all purporting to come from a sweet Puritan girl who died more than a hundred years ago, what then?

Well, such is the fact told and duly authenticated in a book called "Patience Worth," by C. S. Yost, editor of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat,* (Henry Holt & Co.) and it may well make us pause and ponder a lick or two. Its subtitle calls it "A Psychic Mystery," and such it truly is, equally for the high literary quality of the messages and for the manner of the sending. As to the latter, each one has a right to his view, or, as Mr. Dooley would say, he will have it whether he has a right to it or not.

My dear friend William Marion Reedy—whom Patience calls "the fat-awide," in honor of his bulk of body—vouches for the genuineness of the whole business, after this manner: "There is absolutely no question of the integrity of any of the parties to the experience." The way of it was after this sort. In July 1913, two ladies were amusing themselves with a ouija board, when like a voice out of the clear sky came these words tapped out on the letters of the board:

> "Many moons ago, I lived. Again I come.
> Patience Worth my name."

Thus began an intimate association, that still continues, with a unique and loveable personality, as distinctly featured as any one with whom we shake hands every day, and a series of communications—"puts," she calls them—which for intellectual vigor and literary beauty are without precedent, so far as I know, in all the chronicles of Psychical Research. They include not only interesting and even brilliant conversations—spicy, at times, full of wit and pun and prank, yet always sweet and stingless—but poems, allegories, short plays, a long mediaeval drama, and two novels. Nearly all of it is to be taken seriously as literature, and much of it is art of a high order, albeit in a style odd, archaic, often using words long obsolete, but always exact.

There is nothing in the character or experience of the two ladies to indicate that these plays, poems and stories proceeded from them. The stories are in a style alien to their manner of speech and ways of thinking. They deal with matters that startle the watchers of the board as much as anyone else, so unusual are the revelations, so keen of insight, and so freighted with rich suggestion. Never once do these messages sink to the commonplace; but always show high intelligence, and sometimes the token of real genius. There is nothing spooky about the book, no hint of the weird, no trace of the uncanny. Instead, a sweet and gracious spirit breathes through it, wise withal and winning, and one lays it down with a new sense of the reality of the unseen, of the continuity of life here and hereafter.

My friend Reedy, of the St. Louis *Mirror,* makes the point that Patience Worth tells us no higher truth than is known by the highest minds on earth. He brings together some of the choicest sayings of the sages, from Confucius to Pascal, including some of the words of the Master, to prove his contention. But wherefore? What reason have we to think that there is any higher truth to know than the noblest souls of our race have won from the mystery of life? But is it not singular that he must needs go to the loftiest spirits of the race to find sayings to match the words of a Puritan girl?

Never have I read words so worthy of the dignity of the life beyond the grave. The whole conception of that higher life is so refined, so spiritual, so serene, that it makes one half homesick to think of it. Even its humor is delicious, and refutes the saying that it is "a land of no laughter." It reminds one of the saying of Holmes, who was puzzled by the fact that men regard the absence of all the gay surprises of wit as essential to the future life of those whom we thus deprive of half their faculties, and then call them blessed. He had no wish to go to a smileless heaven.

Mind you, I do not say that I accept these messages as beyond doubt the revelation of a spirit who has passed into world unseen. But I do say that they are worthy of being such, both as to spirit and contents. Read the book for yourself, and if it does not give you a sense of sincerity, reality, and a wealth of wise and noble truths uttered in a style charming in its simplicity and its antique accent, then I miss my guess. Anyway, I shall always be grateful that I came under the spell of so lovely a spirit, for that she speaks to the "me of me," as she calls it, and touches "something soft in my in-man."

JOSEPH FORT NEWTON.

WHAT I HEAR IN APRIL.

Would you like to know what I hear, dear heart
When the snow is melted away,
And I lay my ear to the soft warm ground
On a sunny April day?

I hear the rootlets running along,
Bringing little garments rare
To clothe the flowers that have hurried up
To breathe the sweet spring air.

One carries a hood for the Violet dear,
Lest the air should give her chills;
And one a hat for the Dandelion,
All trimmed with golden quills.

Another brings a bunch of caps
Of pink and blue and white;
And under each little Hyacinth chin
They're fastened snug and tight.

And I hear a rustle like dainty silks
As the tiny waists are made
That over the forms of the Tulips fair
And the Crocus are tenderly laid.

And then I hear them scamper away
To the hills where the brocklets run,
And, filling their buckets, they hasten back
With a drink for every one.

—*Ellen Knight Bradford.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH, WINNIPEG.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the First Unitarian Church Icelandic of Winnipeg, Manitoba, Can., was founded on the first day of February, A. D. 1891, as a result of missionary endeavors of the late Rev. Björn Pétursson, a college graduate and parliamentarian from Iceland. He was one of the early pioneers of this northwestern country. As early as 1886, he commenced to hold public meetings in Winnipeg, to expound Unitarian views to his countrymen. Subsequently he translated and published several Unitarian tracts from the Norwegian of the Rev. Kristofer Jansen.

At the first meeting of the church, thirty-six members were enrolled. The first church building was erected in 1893, at the corner of Nena and McWilliam streets, and the present building in 1904; dedicated on Sunday, October 15, 1905. This remained for many years the only Unitarian church in Canada, west of Toronto.

Sustained by the generous support of the American Unitarian Association of Boston through the vissitude and struggle of the pioneer days, the church gradually gained strength and stability by toil and perseverance, finally attaining to a state of self-support some years ago. This standing it hopes to maintain.

At this time of a world-wide financial and industrial depression, felt especially in the towns and cities of this country, the future is dimmed and obscured to what it was, prior to this greatest of all disasters that has befallen civilization, this present war. Yet, with unswerving faith in benign Providence, strengthened by the experience of the past, the church faces the future hopefully and looks to its friends for assistance, in this its present endeavors, to carry forward its message of hope and good cheer.

The trustees are persuaded that the church will not be forced to close its doors, or discontinue its work, for, at least, another quarter of a century. That would, indeed, be nothing short of a calamity,—if after laboring for twenty-five years, having attained a measured success, but through causes totally beyond human power to control, it should be obliged to give up this work.

There has never existed a greater need for the message and influence of a liberal Christian church in our midst, than now. So it is the earnest desire, not only of the trustees, but the members at large, that the church may continue its activities, unhampered by the present crisis, and thus fulfill this need in so far as it is able.

At this turning of the road, it has been the hope and dream of years, that the church could be free from all indebtedness, but unless friends and fellow workers will come generously forward, that hope and dream will not be realized. Some of the original building account remains still unpaid, extensive repairs are inevitable, this, in addition to the funds needed for carrying the work forward for another year.

Contributions for any of the above ceived by Mr. Stefan Pétursson, financial named purposes will be thankfully re- secretary, 696 Banning street, Winnipeg, Can. THE COMMITTEE.

"AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?"

"Sleeping out" has become the luxury of the rich, but it has long been the misery of the poor. Romance can invest a night of sleep in the ample room of the "Hotel of the Beautiful Stars," but one must be proof against the searching winds that move freely through its wide spaces. A picture that it was feared might stir too much of class-feeling portrays all the difference between a comfortable outdoor sleeping-porch and a night on a hard park-bench. It hung in an exhibition of the Washington Irving High School for a time, and its removal was the occasion of criticism. From the brush of Mr. J. C. Dollman it now in reproduction ornaments the front page of *The Christian Advocate* (New York), where its interpretation is thus given:

"The picture represents a scene on the Thames Embankment, London, showing examples of unskilled workers, unemployed, and without money, food, or shelter. The first three figures are workingmen of various types. The fourth is a discharged soldier, who prefers sleeping out even in the bitter winter nights to parting with his war-medal, the last link that binds him to respectability. At the extreme right is a countryman (with his wife and child) who has tramped in from an outlying district in unavailing search of work. All this takes place within a stone's throw of the Savoy hotel, where the rich and frivolous are discussing their costly suppers and the vintages of their wines."

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of the picture, "Am I My Brother's Keeper?" it points to the fact that individuals who have not mastered the Christian theory of brotherhood still shirk their responsibility for the ills of society, and try to frame the same excuse as Cain, who answered in the words of the picture's title the Lord's question, "Where is Abel, thy brother?" But—

"The words come more falteringly in this generation than ever before, and society begins to show the workings of the gospel leaven by its frank acceptance of Christ's point of view. This is only the beginning, but it is significant of a revolutionary change. Its outward evidences are visible in a hundred forms of so-called 'social service,' which might better be called 'applied Christianity.' . . . We no longer hear of the 'certain condescension in foreigners' which used to mark the demeanor of the traveler from abroad. That was followed by an even more conspicuous arrogance in the native-bord toward the newcomer. It is only within very recent years that the Church, the Christian associations, and latterly a considerable section of the general public have perceived their duty toward the new American. This attitude toward the foreign brother is a mark of the times, a Christian mark, and one of many that the discerning investigator will discover, and that will go far to dispel the pessimism to which the war has made so many the prey."

PEACE AT ANY PRICE.

Are we "For peace at any price?" Let us face the issue squarely. When we do this, the phrase has no meaning. For when the question really comes up, there is no peace to be had at any price. In this war, no peace was offered at any price to Servia, to Belgium, to France. It was offered at a price to Austria, Russia, Germany and England. Should these nations have taken it at the price? This question each may answer for himself. And paying the price, would they have had peace, real peace well worth the cost? All war is a "brawl in the dark," whatever its motive. If real peace is offered at any price, there need be no talk of war.

What could not Europe have afforded to pay to prevent the great catastrophe? What has war cost Europe, and when will it be able to repay?

And for us to whom war is not offered, we would see the price lists first. With Lincoln, we would count the cost. If we do not, it may stagger us. And will we get peace when we pay for it? Not the armed peace of fear and hate, for that is war only half disguised; but the peace of mutual trust and international confidence. Sooner or later that must come; for as sure as the day follows night, the principle of federation must succeed unbalanced nationalism in the development of the civilized world.

—*David Starr Jordan.*

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Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.—Coleridge.

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Let us hear from Lincoln Centre If it Pays to Advertise

Anti "Preparedness" Committee Launches Huge Model of Armored Dinosaur as Satire on Military "Preparedness"

"This animal believed in preparedness; he is now extinct"

Washington, March —. The Anti "Preparedness" Committee, which is planning a big "swing around the circle" to block the proposed army and navy increase bills, has launched a huge model of the extinct "armored dinosaur" as a satire on "military preparedness."

This dinosaur, which is about fifteen feet long and built in proportion, will be carried on a huge truck through the various cities which the tour will include. On one side of the truck is a long placard reading as follows:

> ALL ARMOR PLATE: NO BRAINS!

And on the other side a long streamer announcing:

> This animal, trusting to military preparedness, had no intelligent foreign policy; he is now extinct.

The Committee has issued the following statement regarding the "natural history of the armored dinosaur as a symbol of so-called military preparedness":

We respectfully present the armored dinosaur—sometimes known as the stegosaurus—to our fellow citizens as a proper and appropriate symbol of current day militarism. Nothing, we submit, could be more like the heavy, stumbling, clumsy, brutal foolery which is destroying Europe than this old monster of the past. This creature, all armor plate and no brains, had no more intelligent way of living than that of "adequate preparedness." He endeavored to meet all his difficulties by piling on more and more armor until at last he sank by his own clumsy weight into the marsh lands such as one would expect to find at low tide at Oyster Bay.

The armored dinosaur, with a brain cavity more diminutive in proportion to the size of its body than that of any other animal, was unable to conceive of an intelligent foreign policy. It was like the militarist in this. Moreover, its vision was limited. Its eyes were small and could only look sideways; it could not look ahead.

It is thought by those who have studied these creatures that at one time there were at least fourteen different species of armored dinosaurs roaming about on the face of the earth. This fact has a peculiar significance, as there are just that number of patriotic societies in this country now urging dinosaurian preparedness upon us.

Increasing bulk and development of armor caused the dinosaur to lose celerity of movement. Thanks to "preparedness," he had no need to think and he became a sluggish, slow-moving creature of low mentality. Whereas his contemporaries in the animal kingdom, whose minds did not run so much on "preparedness," kept their wits about them and worked out plans by which to live and let live,—with the result that modern man and the armored dinosaur now meet each other only in museums.

So it will be with the great nations. The free peoples who refuse to take upon themselves the load of militarism, are destined to march far along the road of human progress while the goose-stepping, eternally saluting worshippers of the militarist top boot will have "prepared" themselves off the face of the earth.

The armored dinosaur is scheduled for appearance shortly in New York, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Minneapolis, Des Moines, Kansas City, St. Louis, Cincinnati and Pittsburgh, where plans are under way for big mass meetings designed to ventilate "the truth about preparedness." Among the speakers scheduled are Washington Gladden, Scott Nearing, Amos Pinchot, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, Dr. John Haynes Holmes, President James H. Maurer of the Pennsylvania State Federation of Labor, John A. McSparran, legislative chairman of the National Grange, Herbert S. Bigelow of Cincinnati, General Isaac R. Sherwood of Ohio, and others.